the picture was disheartening. I stopped two motorcyclists with M.P. armbands, showed them my credentials, and ordered them to clear the way for me. With them in front, my car made good speed. Several times I saw outbursts of panic. A shell would fall in the crowd or in a nearby field, and men would scatter in all directions.

In contrast, all was quiet in Riga. The sidewalks were crowded with people who seemed in festive mood—the German uppercrust of local society. At headquarters, Parsky, his chief of staff Posochov, and a few senior officers were assembled around a long table. Posochov was sorting papers and handing them, one after another, to Parsky. The latter signed them and pushed them on to the officers, who sealed the envelopes. On my arrival Parsky said quietly to his chief of staff, "Wait a minute, Andrei Andreievich. We may be able to find some other solution."

He began to question me on the state of operations. He had received reports from Boldyrev and other field commanders and had made up his mind, but he still had a faint hope that his decision could be changed. Alas, my story corroborated other reports. Listening to me, Parsky nodded his gray head. Then he turned to Posochov and said, "Go ahead, Andrei Andreievich. All we can do is to extricate the troops and save some matériel. Go ahead."

He explained to me, "We are going to abandon Riga." Noticing how this news struck me, Parsky poured me a glass of water, then laid his arm on my shoulder and led me to a window, trying to comfort me. "The first reverse in your battle experience? . . . I see, I see. . . . We have lived through worse reverses, Wladimir Savelievich. . . . A reverse is not the end of the war. . . ."

He returned to the table. The army now had to perform the difficult operation of regrouping, by withdrawing its right wing eastward and pulling back all the units north of the former positions of the 43rd Corps. The new line of defense encircling Riga on the east and south —Venden positions—had been prepared and fortified as early as 1916. The question now was whether Boldyrev's badly mauled and inefficient troops could oppose the enemy's advance long enough to permit the rest of the army to occupy the new positions and evacuate the munitions dumps in front of and around Riga.

At Parsky's request, I returned to the 43rd Corps. On the way I stopped at the Iskosol and learned that some members of the organization were with their units and others had gone to Venden, new army headquarters. Before they left Riga, they took care to evacuate Emma. Thus, I knew that she was safe, but I could not send her word that I was alive.

Before dusk I was with General Boldyrev again. The situation had worsened in the past twelve hours. The Germans now held a pocket